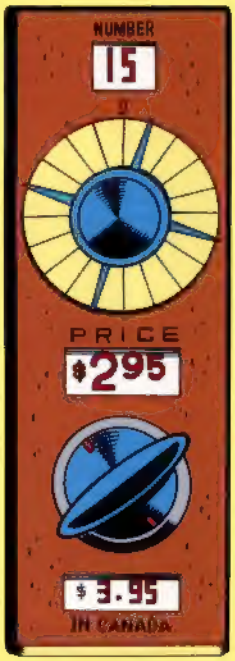
# EIGHTBALL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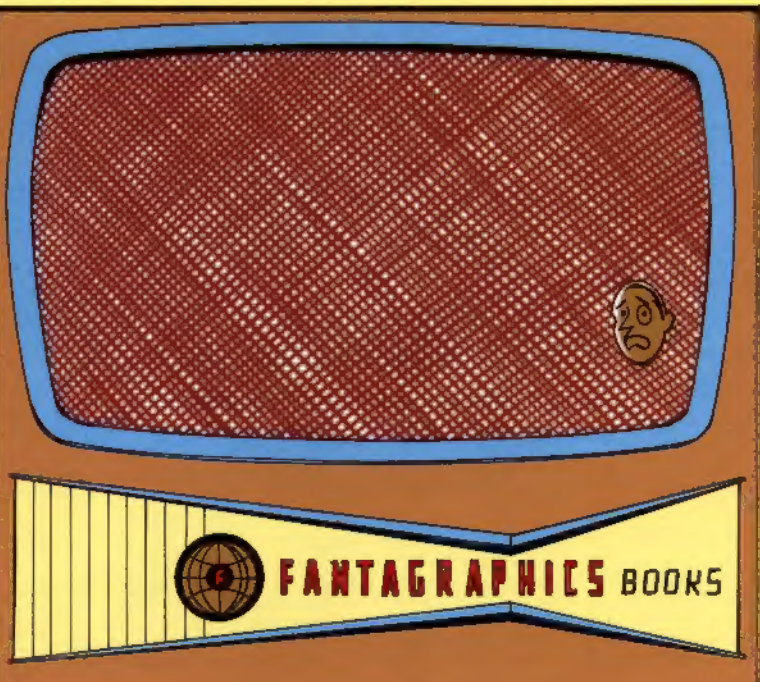
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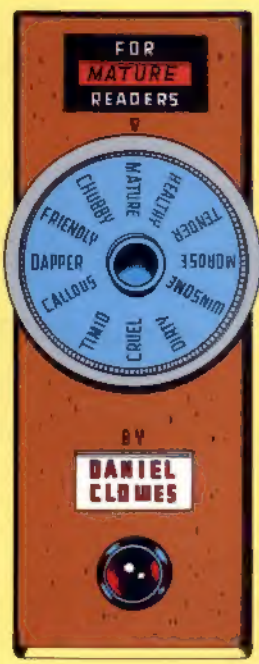
FOR
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CHUBBY
BY
DANIEL
CLOWES

# EIGHTBALL

Number 15 April 1995

"Thrusting blindly, Yaeger-like, into the ever-shrinking anti-womb of that which is yet to be for over five years."

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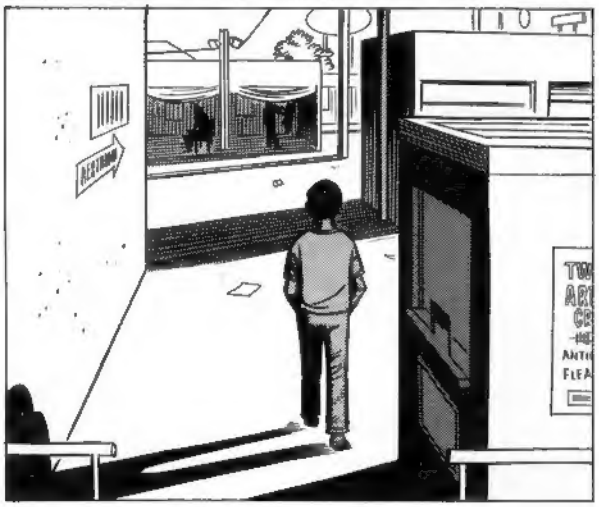
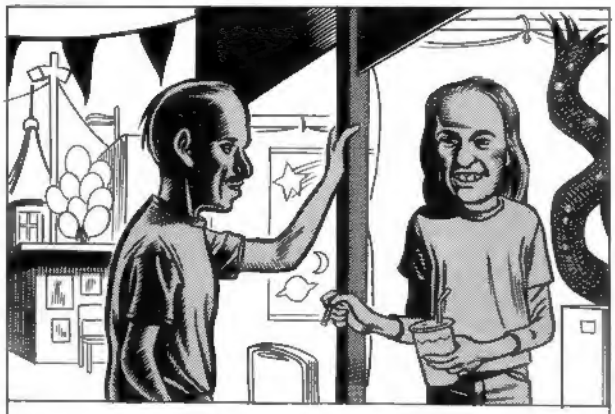
# CARICATURE

I GUESS I SHOULD START OFF BY INTRODUCING MYSELF -- MY NAME IS MAL ROSEN. I SIGN MY DRAWINGS 'MAL' ... I'M 39, DIVORCED, NO KIDS. I'VE ALWAYS BEEN INVOLVED IN ART AND ABOUT SIX YEARS AGO I STARTED TO REALLY GET INTO CARICATURING...

I DON'T REALLY HAVE A HOME ANYMORE (UNLESS YOU COUNT MOTEL 6) ... MY MOM'S STILL ALIVE BUT SHE LIVES IN A NURSING HOME. I FEEL BAD THAT I NEVER GET TO SEE HER (SHE MAKES SURE OF THAT!) BUT I CAN'T AFFORD TO STOP WORKING RIGHT NOW...




IN SCHOOL I WAS A SCRAWNY, QUIET KID SO I STAYED AT HOME A LOT AND WORKED ON MY ART... AFTER A WHILE IT PAID OFF AND KIDS STARTED ASKING ME TO DO FUNNY DRAWINGS OF THE TEACHERS AND STUFF... THAT'S HOW IT ALL BEGAN...



TODAY IS DAY ONE (OF FIVE) OF THE TWIN LAKES CRAFT FESTIVAL. I SET UP EARLY BUT THERE WASN'T MUCH OF A CROWD SO I TOOK A WALK AROUND TO SEE WHO WAS THERE...

I SAT DOWN IN THE AFTERNOON AND DREW A FEW CUSTOMERS... I TALKED THIS PAIR INTO A DOUBLE...

YOU CAN LEARN A LOT ABOUT PEOPLE BY STUDYING THEIR FACES-- LIKE THIS GUY HERE IS THE HAPPY-GO-LUCKY TYPE, BUT HIS WIFE LOOKS LIKE SHE'S HAD A HARD LIFE...

BEING ON THE ROAD ALL THE TIME I FIND MYSELF LONGING FOR FEMALE COMPANIONSHIP AND I HAVE TO WATCH WHAT I SAY TO THE PRETTY LADIES SO I DON'T APPEAR TOO FLIRTATIOUS...

THE MAIN RULE YOU HAVE TO LEARN AS A CARICATURIST IS VERY SIMPLE AND BASIC: FLATTER THE CUSTOMER.

YOU PRETEND TO EXAGGERATE THEIR FAULTS, BUT REALLY YOU DO ANYTHING BUT...

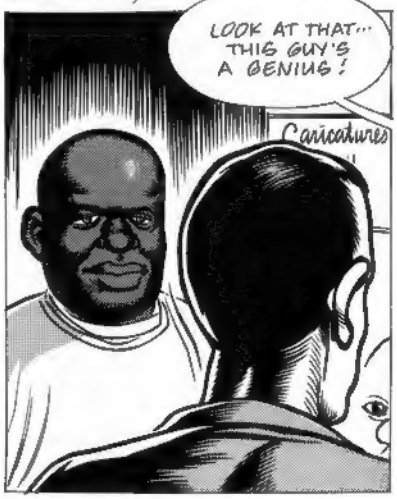
ONCE, A RATHER LARGE WOMAN PAID FOR HER DRAWING AND THEN PROCEEDED TO RIP IT UP INTO LITTLE PIECES RIGHT THERE IN FRONT OF ME! I WANTED TO CRY!

WHAT ELSE DO YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT ME? I'M AN OLD MOVIE BUFF; I LIKE MUSICALS AND MELODRAMAS... I GUESS I'M A ROMANTIC AT HEART. WHAT ELSE? I LIKE ROCK (SOFT) AND COUNTRY MUSIC...

**TWIN LAKES, DAY 2:** I WAS WORRIED THAT TODAY WOULD BE AS SLOW AS YESTERDAY (ONLY EIGHT PAYING CUSTOMERS!). AUGUST WEEKENDS ARE TOO PRECIOUS TO WASTE!

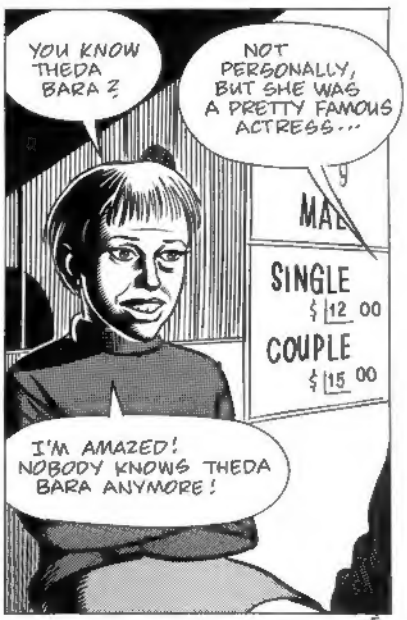
IT'S FUNNY.. ONCE YOU START MAKING MONEY WITH YOUR ART YOU REALIZE HOW IMPORTANT IT IS... I WOULD NEVER ADMIT IT BUT I GUESS DEEP DOWN I WANT TO BE RICH AND FAMOUS AND LOVED BY ALL THE BEAUTIFUL WOMEN...

BELIEVE IT OR NOT, THAT'S JUST THE KIND OF STUFF I WAS THINKING ABOUT THIS AFTERNOON WHEN I HEARD THIS (IMAGINE A SQUEAKY TEENAGE GIRL VOICE):

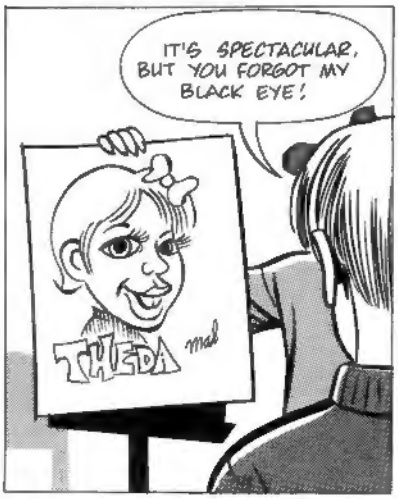


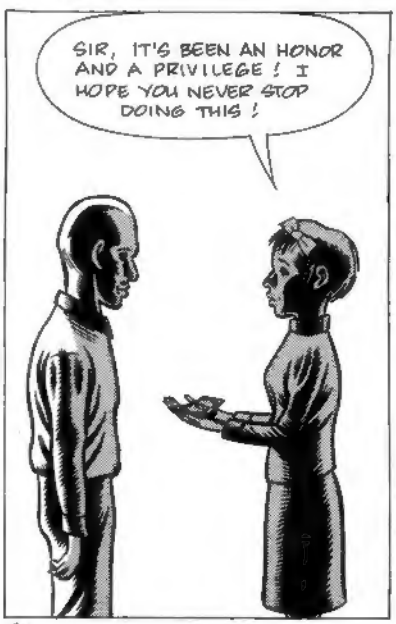

SHE WAS NO PRIZE--RATTY 'PUNK' HAIR-DO, SECOND HAND CLOTHES-- JUST AWFUL! BUT WHAT CAN I SAY? HER TASTE WAS IMPECCABLE!

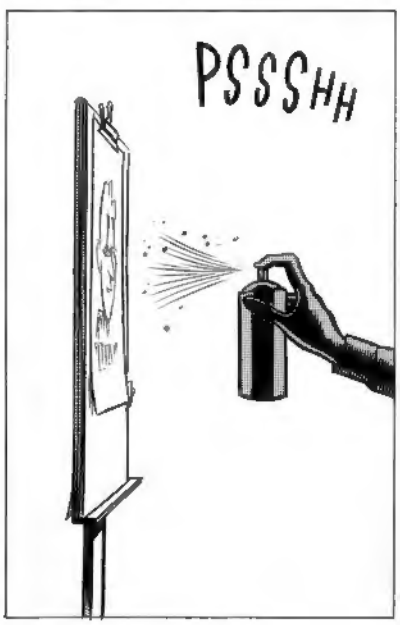
THEY WATCHED ME FOR A FEW JOBS... BELIEVE ME, MY HEAD WAS GROWING BIGGER BY THE MINUTE OVER WHAT SHE SAID.



ANOTHER IMPORTANT THING IS YOU HAVE TO BE FAST. MOST PEOPLE CAN'T SIT STILL FOR MORE THAN FIVE MINUTES, AND IF YOU TAKE LONGER YOU'RE LIABLE TO LOUSE IT UP ANYWAY...

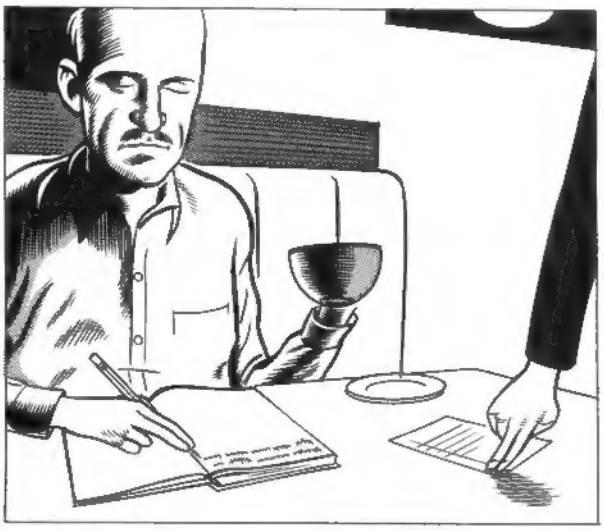






THE REASON I'M KEEPING THIS DIARY, OR WHATEVER IT IS, IS BECAUSE THERE AREN'T THAT MANY OF US AROUND WHO KNOW THE ROPES OF CARICATURING... I'D LOVE TO DO A BIG "HOW-TO" COFFEE TABLE BOOK SOMEDAY...

NINETY PERCENT OF ARTISTS ARE AMATEURS. YOU HAVE TO KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING TO MAKE A LIVING AT IT. MAYBE READING ABOUT MY LIFE WILL HELP INSPIRE SOMEBODY... (MAYBE NOT!)



**TWIN LAKES, DAY 3:** IT RAINED ALL DAY SO I SLEPT IN. I WALKED OVER TO THE BOOTH IN THE AFTERNOON, BUT THEY HAD CLOSED THE FAIR AROUND NOON, I GUESS...

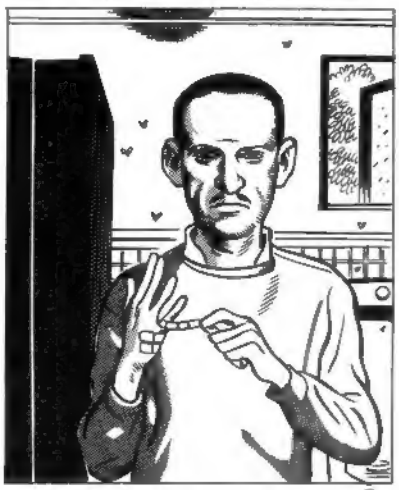
**DAY 4:** ANOTHER GLOOMY DAY... IT DRIZZLED ALL MORNING BUT I WENT OVER AND SAT THERE ANYWAY...

IT CLEARED UP AFTER LUNCH AND I STARTED TO GET A FEW PEOPLE...

BY LATE AFTERNOON, THE PLACE WAS PACKED AND I STARTED TO GET MORE BUSINESS THAN I COULD HANDLE...

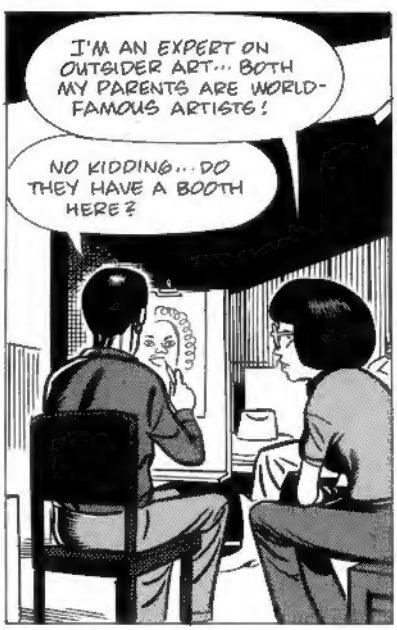
I STARTED CUTTING CORNERS A LITTLE, TRYING TO GET EVERYBODY IN... I DID A FEW DRAWINGS IN LESS THAN TWO MINUTES! I GUESS I WAS GETTING A BIT GREEDY, BUT REALLY I FIGURED THIS MIGHT BE MY ONLY CHANCE TO CASH IN...

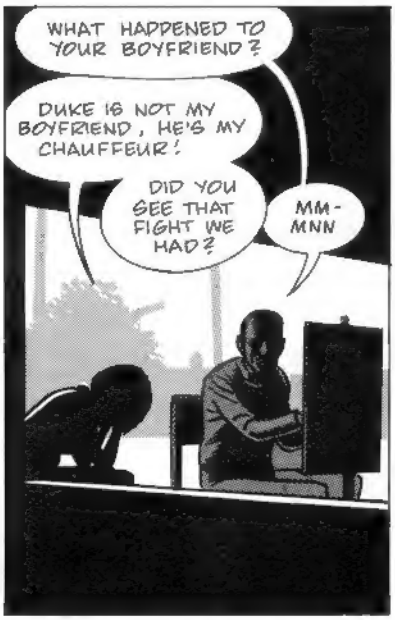
AFTER THREE HOURS, MY HAND STARTED TO BLEED AND I TOOK A BREAK. IT'S ONE OF THE HAZARDS OF THE TRADE--YOUR PINKY RUBS AGAINST THE ROUGH PAPER. (TIP: DON'T FORGET THE BANDAIDS!)



ANOTHER THING I SHOULD STRESS AT THIS POINT IS THAT DRAWING TAKES TOTAL CONCENTRATION. I SAY THIS BECAUSE TODAY A COUPLE WAS SCREAMING AT EACH OTHER NOT TWENTY FEET BEHIND ME AND I DIDN'T EVEN NOTICE... FINALLY, MY CUSTOMER STARTED LAUGHING AND I LOOKED UP. I COULDN'T SEE THE BOY, BUT THE SCREAMING GIRL APPEARED TO BE HEADED RIGHT FOR MY BOOTH.

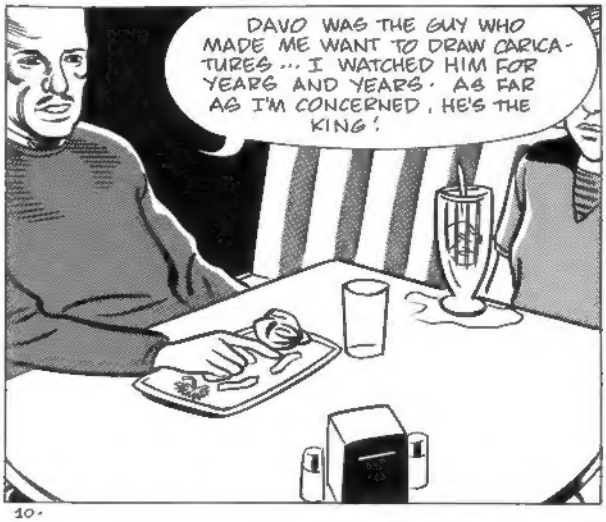
IT WAS THAT SAME YOUNG LADY WHO CALLED ME A GENIUS (A WIG AND SUNGLASSES THIS TIME - NO BLACK EYE)



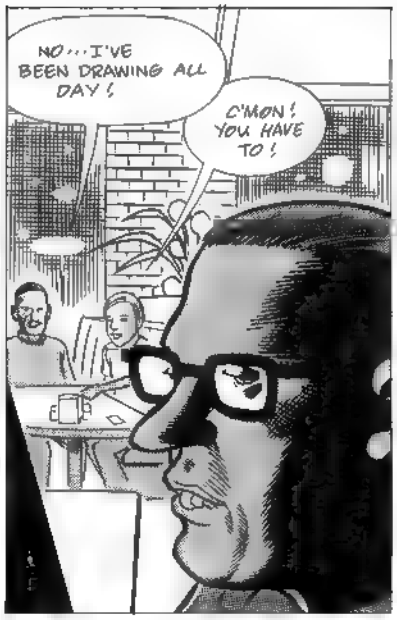


THIS I BELIEVE, BECAUSE ALL AFTERNOON SHE SAT THERE STARING AND MAKING SMALL TALK-- ASKING ME QUESTIONS AND STUFF... IT WAS GOOD FOR MY EGO TO HAVE A SMART YOUNG LADY TAKING SUCH AN INTEREST IN ME BUT, TO BE HONEST, SHE MADE ME A LITTLE NERVOUS...

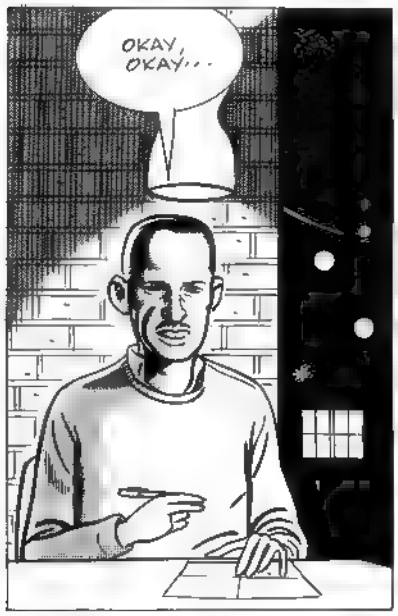
MOST PEOPLE JUST ENDURE WHAT YOU HAVE TO SAY UNTIL IT'S TIME FOR THEM TO TALK, BUT THEDA MADE IT SEEM LIKE EVERYTHING I SAID HAD SOME DEEPER IMPORTANCE BEYOND WHAT I MEANT TO SAY. SHE HAD ME FEELING LIKE MAYBE I WAS A GENIUS.



WHAT MADE ME THINK OF IT IS THAT GUY SITTING AT THE COUNTER... HE'S EXACTLY WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT!
DRAW HIM!


NO... I'VE BEEN DRAWING ALL DAY!
C'MON! YOU HAVE TO!

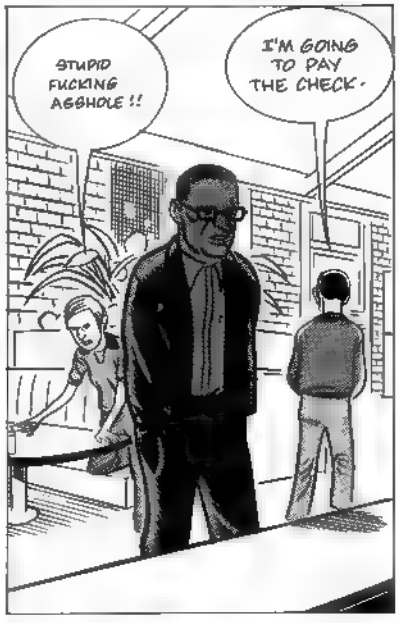
OH! I'M TIRED!
YOU HAVE TO! DRAW HIM THE WAY HE REALLY LOOKS!
C'MON, I WANT TO SEE IT!


OKAY, OKAY...

OH MY GOD, YOU'RE SO MEAN!
THAT'S PERFECT!

HEY, IS THAT SUPPOSED TO BE ME?
YOU SHOULD BE HONORED! HE GETS MONEY FOR THAT!
WELL I DIDN'T ASK FOR IT! SCRATCH IT OUT!
I'M SORRY!

WHY DON'T YOU MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS!? HE CAN DRAW WHATEVER HE WANTS!
MAL!
I'M VERY SORRY!


STUPID FUCKING ASSHOLE!!
I'M GOING TO PAY THE CHECK.

GOD! PEOPLE LIKE THAT SHOULD BE EXTERMINATED!
PEASANT!

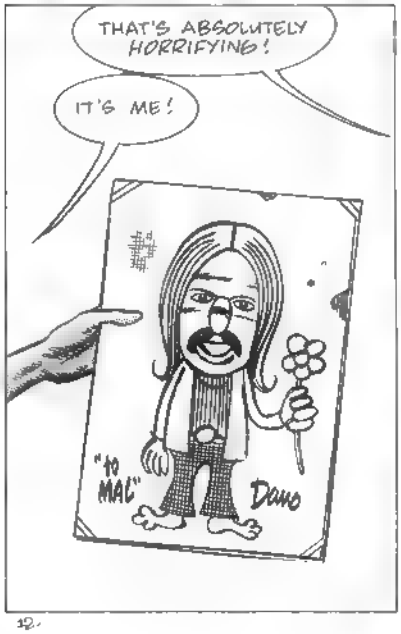
I'M THE FIRST TO ADMIT THAT THE KIND OF STUFF I DO ISN'T REALLY THAT IMPORTANT. LIFE WILL GO ON THE SAME EITHER WAY.. IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE FOR ME TO START PISSING PEOPLE OFF!
LIFE IS SHIT! PEOPLE ARE WORTHLESS PIGS AND THEY'RE TOO STUPID TO GET WHEN SOMEONE LIKE YOU HAS MADE ART OUT OF THEIR MEANINGLESS LIVES!

PEOPLE ARE OKAY BY ME AS LONG AS THEY KEEP BUYING DRAWINGS!
THAT'S WHAT I LOVE ABOUT YOUR ART -- YOU'RE FOOLING YOUR AUDIENCE! YOU'RE BEING CRITICAL AND THEY DON'T EVEN KNOW IT!

I CAN'T AFFORD TO BE CRITICAL.
BUT YOU ARE! YOU POINT OUT THE BLAND, PHONY SAMENESS OF EVERYBODY!

THAT REMINDS ME - I WAS GOING TO SHOW YOU SOMETHING.
WHERE IS IT?

HERE... THIS IS BY THAT ARTIST "DAVO" I WAS TELLING YOU ABOUT.
WOW...


THAT'S ABSOLUTELY HORRIFYING!
IT'S ME!
"to MAC"
DAVO

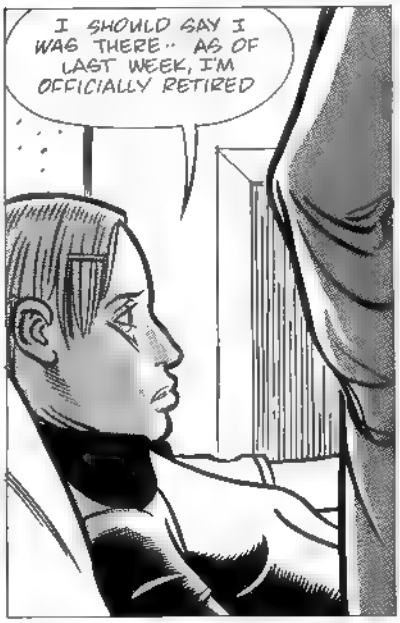
STILL, I THINK YOU'RE BETTER THAN THIS GUY...

HE'S ALMOST TOO AWARE OF WHAT HE'S DOING.

HOW ARE YOU GETTING HOME? DO YOU WANT ME TO DRIVE YOU?
I'LL GO HOME TOMORROW.

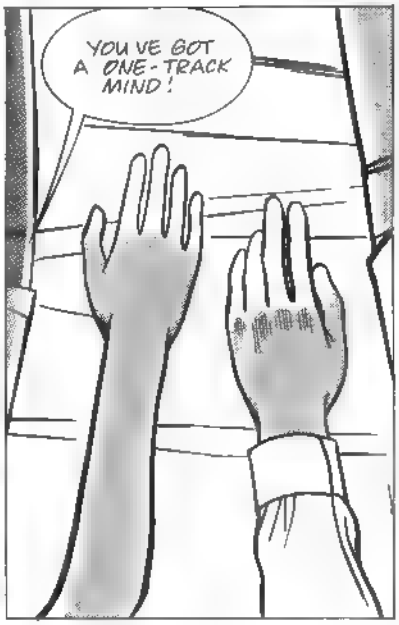
YOU'VE BEEN ASKING ME ALL THE QUESTIONS.. WHAT EXACTLY DO YOU DO? SOMETHING TELLS ME YOU'RE AN ARTIST, TOO..
WRONG
STERI
ELCOME ART &
RAFT FEST
INN
VACANCY COFFEE SHOP

I GET PAID TO DRESS UP AND GO TO NIGHTCLUBS AND LOOK COOL
WHO PAYS YOU?
THE CLUB OWNERS. I'M THERE TO GIVE THE CLUB AN "IDENTITY".


I SHOULD SAY I WAS THERE.. AS OF LAST WEEK, I'M OFFICIALLY RETIRED

SOUNDS WE RD.
WELL, THAT'S THE IDEA

I'VE MET HER... SHE'S A MAJOR COKE-HEAD!
PEOPLE LIKE HER ARE IMPOSSIBLE TO DRAW... NO OUTSTANDING FEATURES..

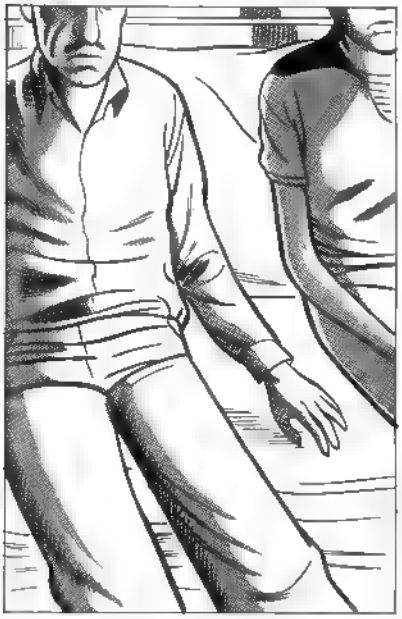

YOU'VE GOT A ONE-TRACK MIND!

DEEP DOWN.. I KNOW THIS IS STUPID - BUT I WISH THAT CARICATURES WOULD BE LOOKED AT AS BEING AT THE SAME LEVEL OF IMPORTANCE AS MOVIES OR TV...
WHY ON EARTH WOULD YOU WANT THAT?

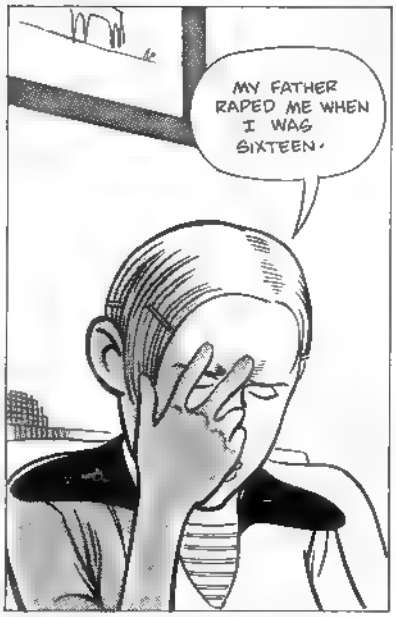
I GUESS I JUST WANT TO BE A STAR.
ALL STARS ARE IDIOTS, BELIEVE ME!

PEOPLE ALWAYS THINK I'M A STAR... EITHER THAT OR THEY THINK I'M FOR SALE!
HUNGRY?

THIS GUY ONE TIME OFFERED ME FIFTY DOLLARS! CAN YOU BELIEVE THAT?
FIFTY DOLLARS! HE WAS DEAD SERIOUS!

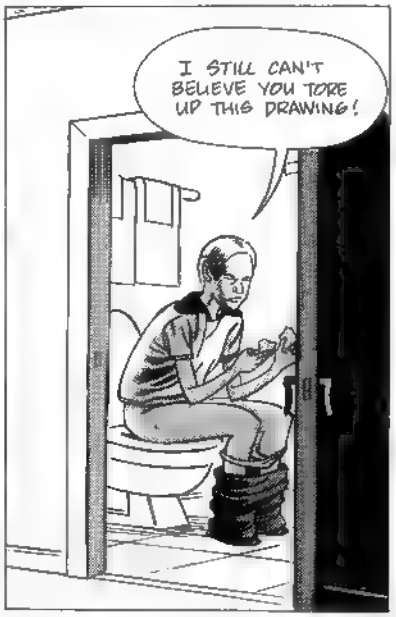


WHAT'S THE MATTER?
NOTHING


MY FATHER RAPED ME WHEN I WAS SIXTEEN.

OH GOD... THEDA! I'M. I'M.. I DON'T..
HA HA HA!

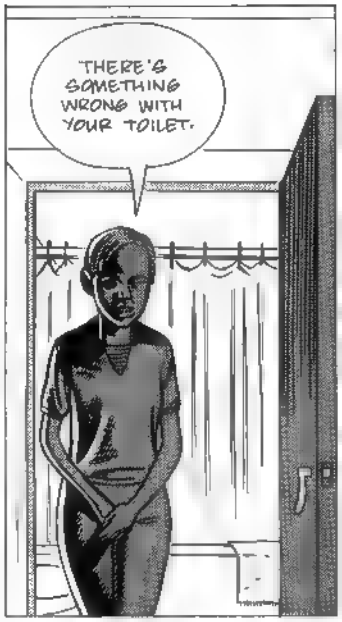
HA HA HA!
YOU'RE THE GREATEST, MAL!

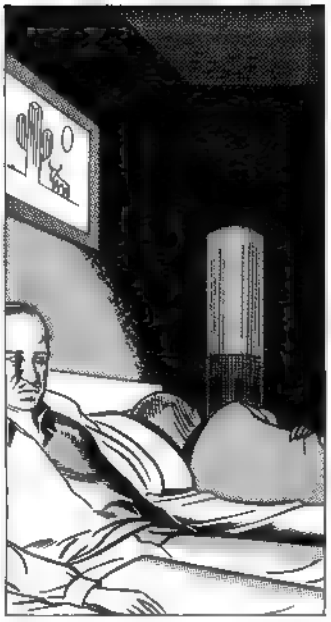

I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE YOU TORE UP THIS DRAWING!

FLUSH

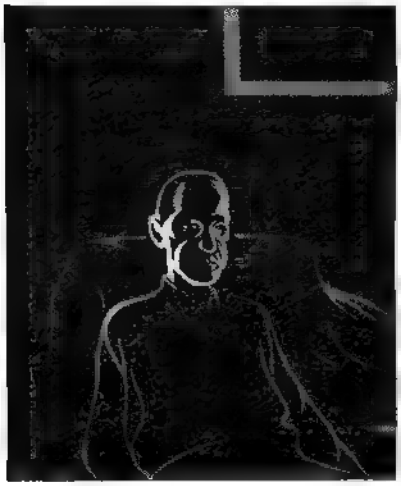
AND SO, AFTER ALL THAT, THERE SHE WAS FLUSHING OVER AND OVER AGAIN; FOUR, FIVE, SIX TIMES (TRYING TO GET ME TO LOOK?). I WASN'T GOING TO FALL FOR IT.

FLUSH FLUSH

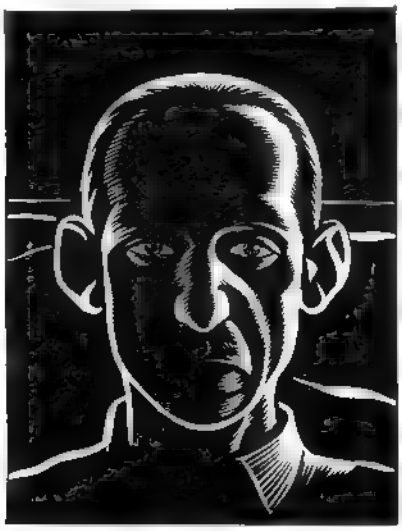


I STAYED THERE IN THAT EXACT SPOT FOR A LONG TIME, TRYING NOT TO MOVE, OR EVEN BREATHE. I'M NOT SURE WHY. THE MORE I THOUGHT ABOUT IT, THE LESS NATURAL EACH BREATH BECAME.



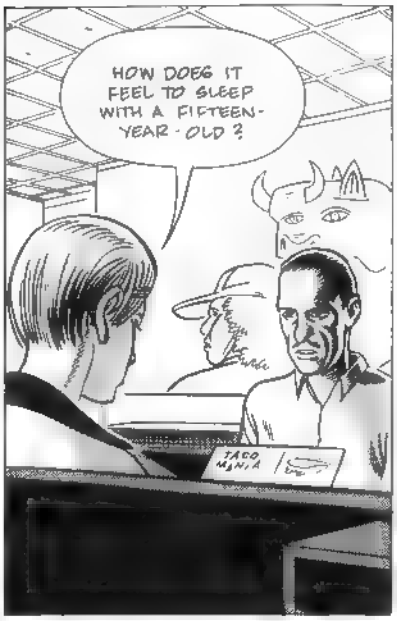
I THOUGHT ABOUT THEDA. COULD SHE EVER FALL IN LOVE WITH ME? (HAD SHE ALREADY?) WHAT WOULD THAT BE LIKE?



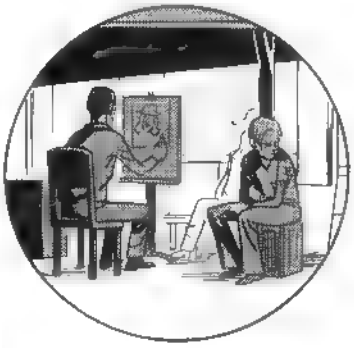
I IMAGINED US DRIVING AROUND THE COUNTRY TOGETHER, REALLY LIVING IT UP. WHAT AN IDEA! WOULD SHE EVER GO FOR SOMETHING LIKE THAT? A FEW HOURS AGO I MIGHT HAVE BEEN ABLE TO BRING IT UP, BUT NOW I WASN'T SURE.

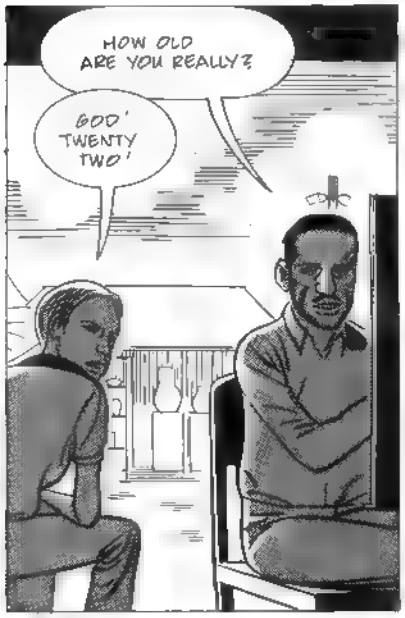
I STARTED TO THINK ABOUT THAT RIPPED-UP DRAWING AND WHAT A MISTAKE THAT HAD BEEN... AND THEN I THOUGHT OF ALL THE CUSTOMERS I HAD DRAWN AND HOW THEY ALL SEEMED LIKE THE SAME PERSON OVER AND OVER... AND THEN ABOUT HOW, DEEP DOWN, YOU KNOW WHEN SOMEONE IS TELLING THE TRUTH OR NOT.

**DAY 5** (LAST DAY OF THE FAIR): THEDA AND I HAD BREAKFAST AT PABLO'S (CHEAP MEXICAN FOOD). YOU COULD TELL WE HAD BOTH SLEPT IN OUR CLOTHES.




I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT WAS WITH HER. I HESITATE TO CALL IT A GAME OR A JOKE BECAUSE IT MEANT MORE THAN THAT TO HER BUT HOW WAS I SUPPOSED TO REACT TO SOMETHING LIKE THAT? (I DECIDED NOT TO).

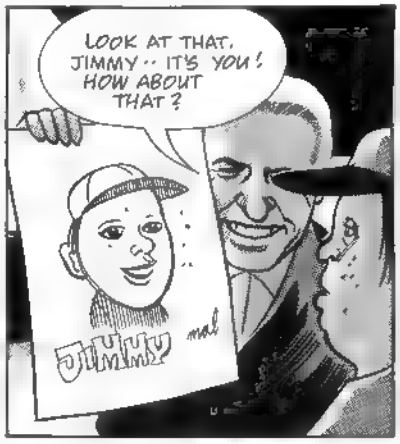




NOW I KNOW I SHOULD HAVE SEEN WHAT WAS HAPPENING BUT MY MIND ONLY WORKS SO FAST. BESIDES, I HAD OTHER PROBLEMS...

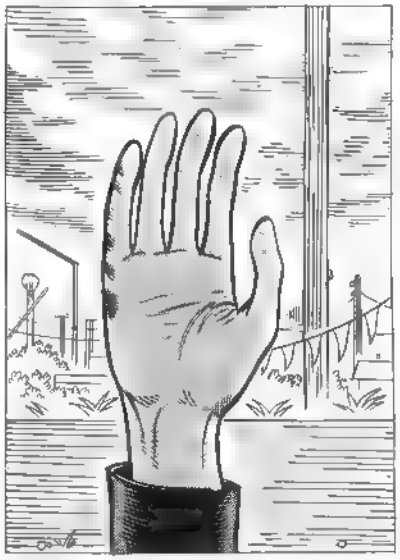
I WAS REALLY NOT IN THE MOOD FOR THIS, BUT I TRIED TO BE A 'PRO'... WHAT KIND OF PERSON TAKES A DEFORMED CHILD TO A CARICATURIST?

I GAVE IT TO THEM FOR FREE (YOU SORT-OF HAVE TO, THOUGH USUALLY THEY INSIST ON PAYING)...




IT WAS OKAY, I DIDN'T WANT MONEY FOR SOMETHING LIKE THAT, AND ANYWAY I GOT BLOOD ALL OVER THE DRAWING -- VERY UNPROFESSIONAL.

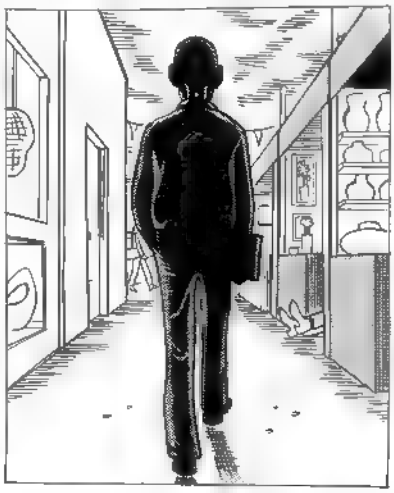
MY HAND CAN'T TAKE TOO MANY MORE SHOWS LIKE THIS.

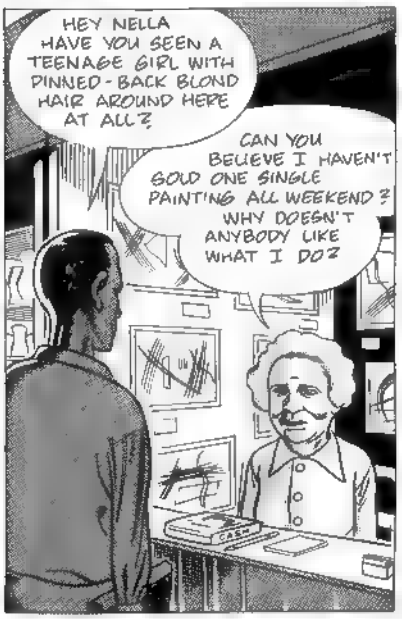


I WENT TO THE JOHN TO PUT ON SOME MORE BAND-AIDS BUT I WOUND UP DRAWING A PICTURE OF MYSELF IN THE MIRROR INSTEAD

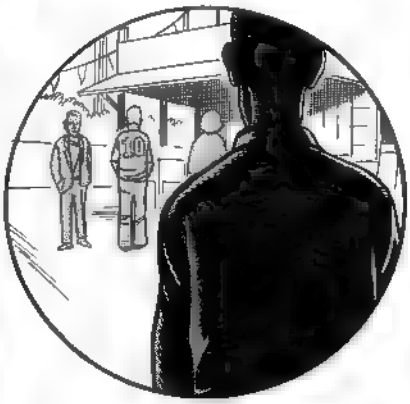
IT WAS THE FIRST SELF-PORTRAIT I REMEMBER EVER DRAWING AND I DIDN'T PULL ANY PUNCHES.

THERE WAS THAT DEPRESSING SUNDAY FEELING IN THE AIR SOME VENDORS WERE ALREADY STARTING TO TEAR DOWN. SUDDENLY IT OCCURRED TO ME ..I CAN'T REMEMBER EXACTLY WHAT... SOMETHING..

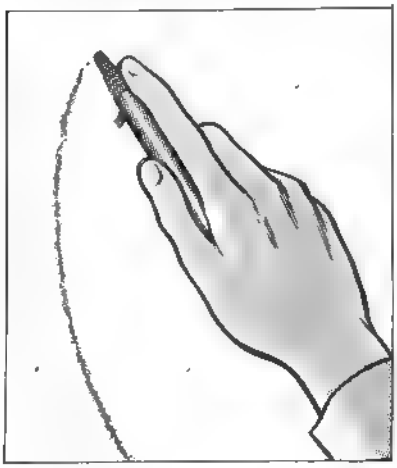




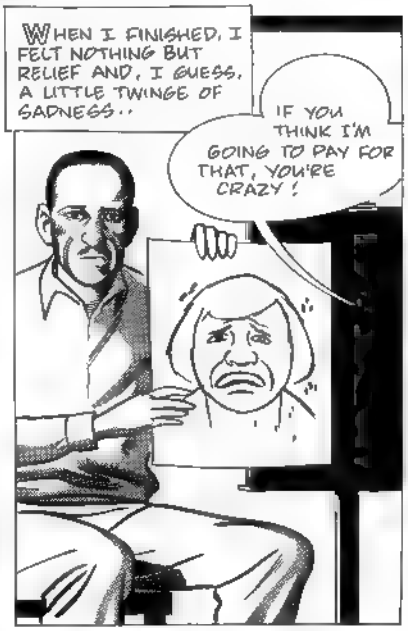

BACK AT THE BOOTH THERE WAS A SMALL CROWD WAITING MY PEOPLE.



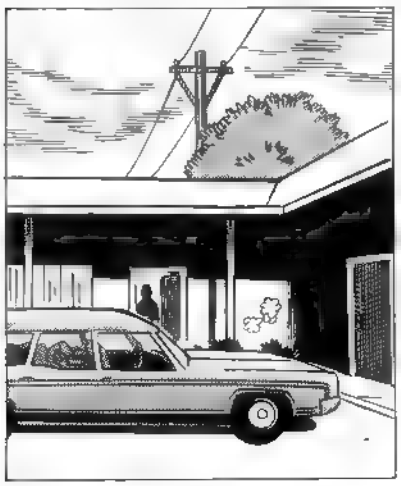
I WATCHED MY HAND MAKE A LARGE OVAL. IT WAS DRAWING BY ITSELF; BY REFLEX ALONE THE MORE I THOUGHT ABOUT IT, THE MORE AWKWARD THE ACT OF DRAWING BECAME. THERE WAS A GENUINE STRUGGLE GOING ON HERE..



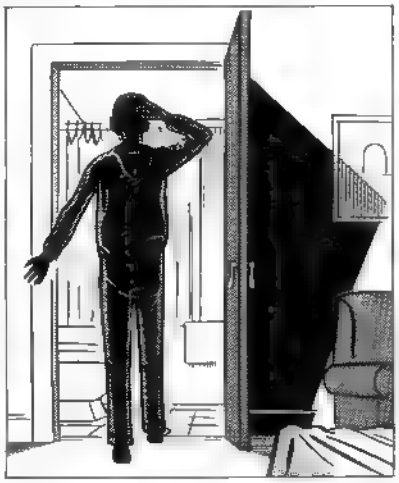
WHEN I FINISHED, I FELT NOTHING BUT RELIEF AND, I GUESS, A LITTLE TWINGE OF SADNESS..



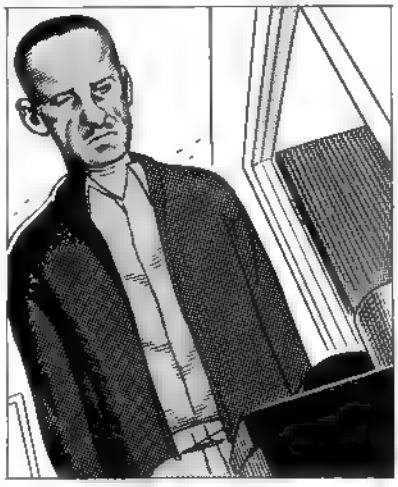
I WANTED TO GET A JUMP ON TRAFFIC SO I'D HAVE A CHANCE TO MAKE THE GARDENIA FESTIVAL BY TUESDAY. I STOPPED BY THE ROOM FOR A MINUTE TO SEE IF I D FORGOTTEN ANYTHING.



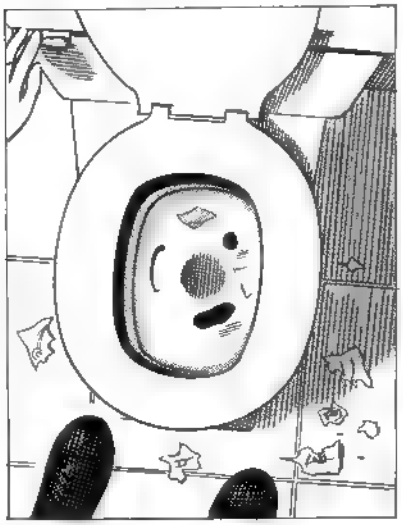
WHEN I SAW THE MESSED-UP BED WE HADN'T SLEPT IN (NO MAID SERVICE ON SUNDAY?) I GOT HIT WITH A WAVE OF GRIEF -- LIKE FINDING OUT SOMEONE JUST DIED, ALMOST..



I WONDERED WHY I PICKED A CAREER LIKE DRAWING CARICATURES IN THE FIRST PLACE. I GUESS I MUST HAVE KNOWN THAT THE ONLY WAY I'D EVER MAKE IT AS AN ARTIST WAS TO LIMIT MY AUDIENCE TO STUPID PEOPLE.

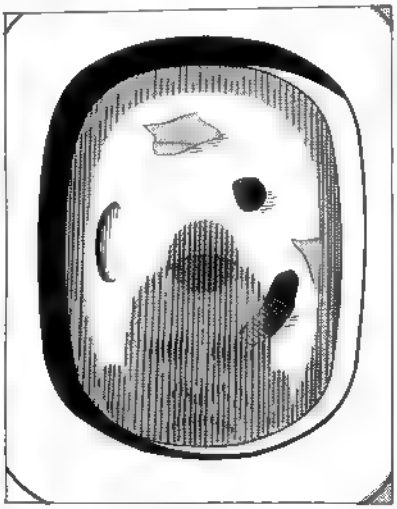


THAT'S ONE THING ABOUT ART: NO MATTER HOW ASHAMED YOU ARE OF WHAT YOU'VE DONE, THERE'S ALWAYS TOMORROW.

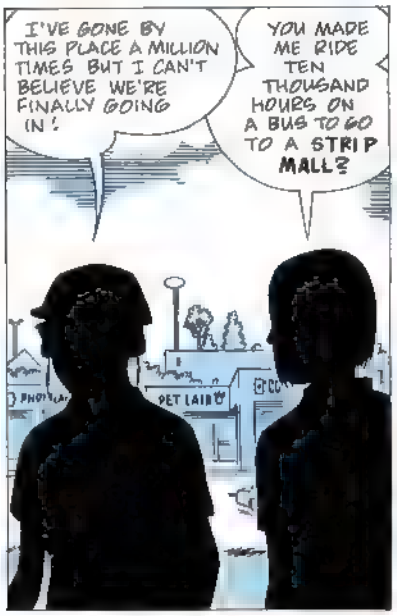


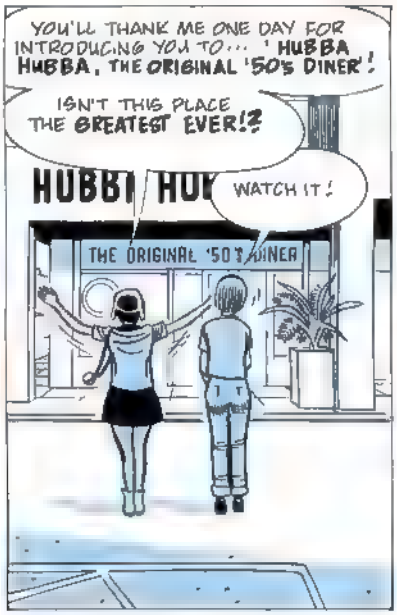
FOR A SECOND I FELT LIKE MAYBE I SHOULD CALL MY MOTHER; BUT WHAT WOULD I SAY TO HER? ANYWAY, I'M STARTING TO THINK SHE MIGHT HAVE ALZHEIMER'S...

WHAT WAS I THINKING WITH THIS DIARY? I HONESTLY THOUGHT I WAS SOMETHING SPECIAL. I JUST NEEDED OTHER PEOPLE TO EXPLAIN WHY. CAN YOU BELIEVE THAT?



GHOST WORLD
...WHADDYA CALL A JAPANESE JEW?
I DON'T KNOW. WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME?
SOSUMI!
GET IT?


I'VE GONE BY THIS PLACE A MILLION TIMES BUT I CAN'T BELIEVE WE'RE FINALLY GOING IN!
YOU MADE ME RIDE TEN THOUSAND HOURS ON A BUS TO GO TO A STRIP MALL?
PET LAIR


YOU'LL THANK ME ONE DAY FOR INTRODUCING YOU TO... 'HUBBA HUBBA, THE ORIGINAL '50's DINER'!
ISN'T THIS PLACE THE GREATEST EVER!?
WATCH IT!
THE ORIGINAL '50's DINER

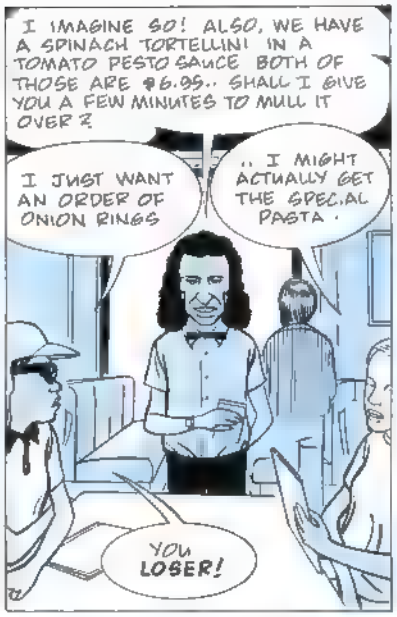
GOD, IT'S SO PATHETIC!
COULD THEY POSSIBLY BE MORE CLUELESS!? I'M SO HAPPY WE'RE HERE!

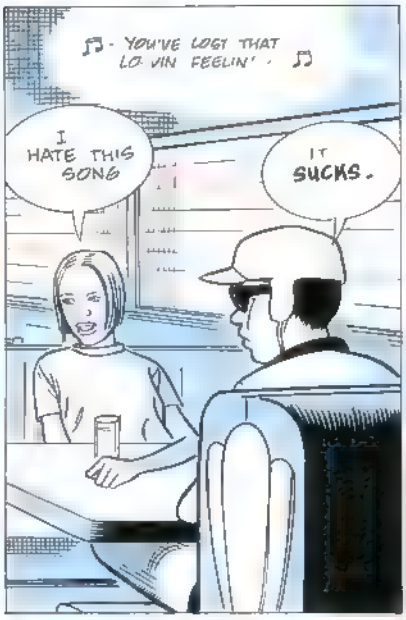
CHECK OUT THAT WAITER'S AWESOME "FIFTIES" HAIR-DO!
I FEEL AS THOUGH I'VE STEPPED DIRECTLY INTO 1954!

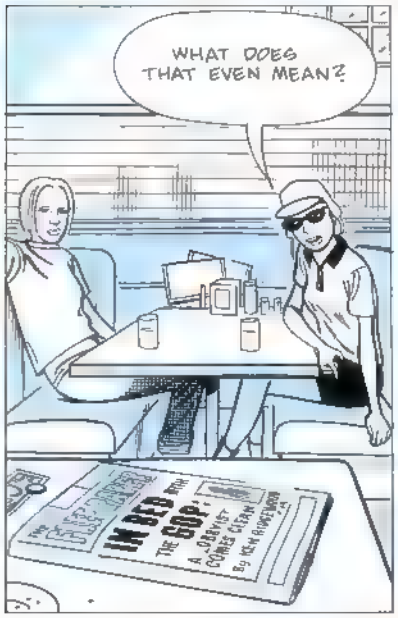
SAY! WHERE'S POTSIE AND RICHIE AND THE REST OF THE GANG?
AT THE SOCK HOP?
...OR THE CAR WASH...
THE CAR WASH?
WHATEVER!

HI! MY NAME IS ALLEN AND I'LL BE YOUR WAITER THIS AFTERNOON--
HI, AL!
OUR SPECIALS TODAY ARE--
CAN WE CALL YOU "WEIRD AL"?

HEH HEH ... OUR SPECIALS TODAY ARE: PASTA VASILIO, WHICH IS A PASTA SALAD WITH A LIGHT BASIL VINAIGRETTE..
THAT WAS A POPULAR DISH IN THE FIFTIES, HUH WEIRD AL?


I IMAGINE SO! ALSO, WE HAVE A SPINACH TORTELLINI IN A TOMATO PESTO SAUCE BOTH OF THOSE ARE $6.95.. SHALL I GIVE YOU A FEW MINUTES TO MULL IT OVER?
I JUST WANT AN ORDER OF ONION RINGS
.. I MIGHT ACTUALLY GET THE SPECIAL PASTA.
YOU LOSER!


♫ - YOU'VE LOST THAT LO-VIN FEELIN' - ♫
I HATE THIS SONG
IT SUCKS.


WHAT DOES THAT EVEN MEAN?
IN BED WITH THE GOP: A CLEVEST COMICS CLEAN

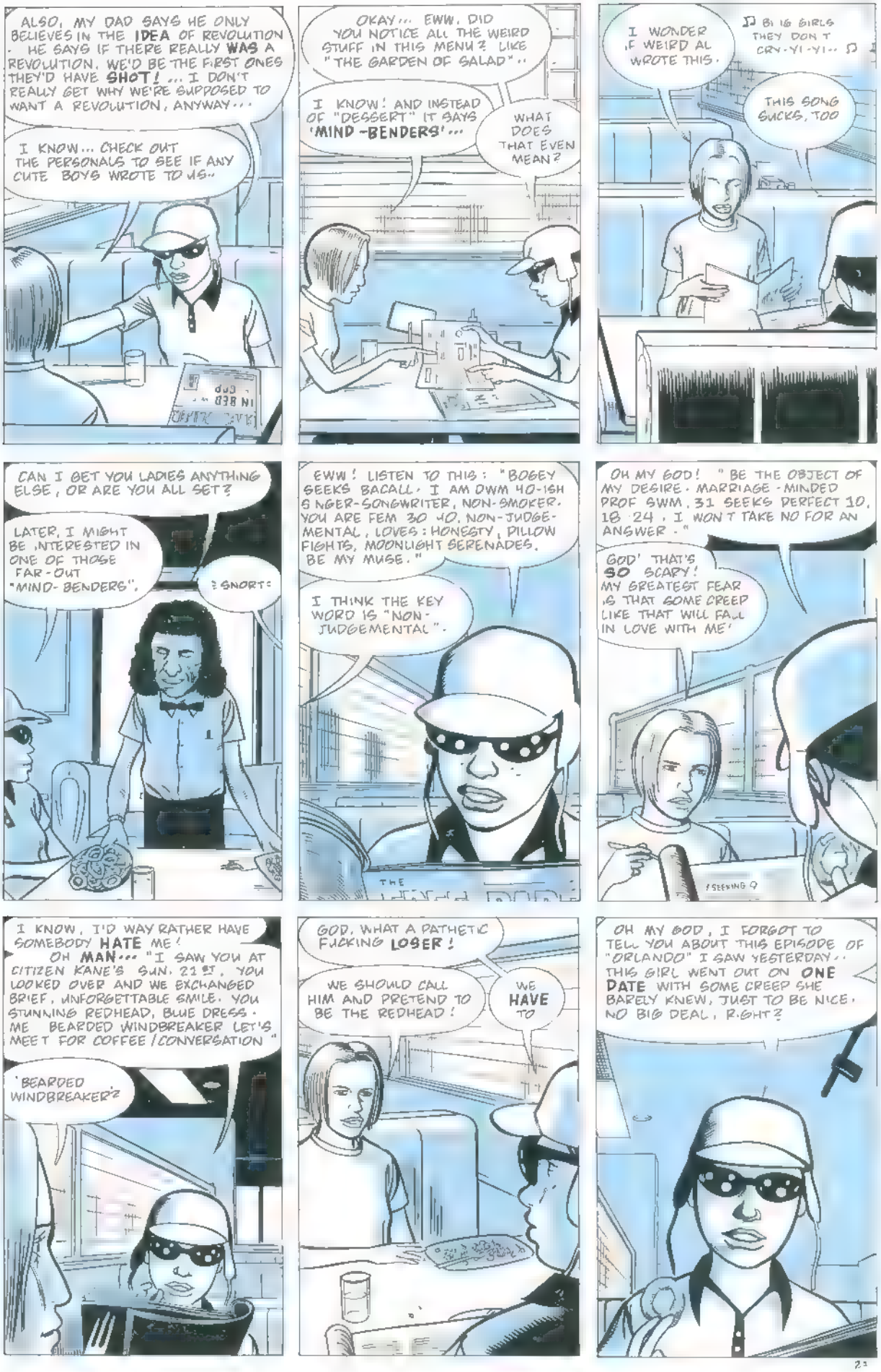
WHO READS THOSE ARTICLES?
I KNOW...

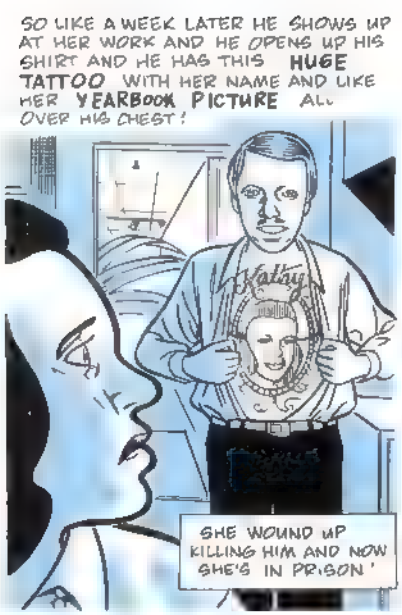
OH GOD, I HATE THESE PEOPLE! PEOPLE WHO ARE SUPER-SERIOUS ABOUT POLITICS ALL THE TIME GIVE ME THE TOTAL CREEPS!
IT'S LIKE MY DAD ...I MEAN, WHO THE FUCK CARES?!
WOMEN

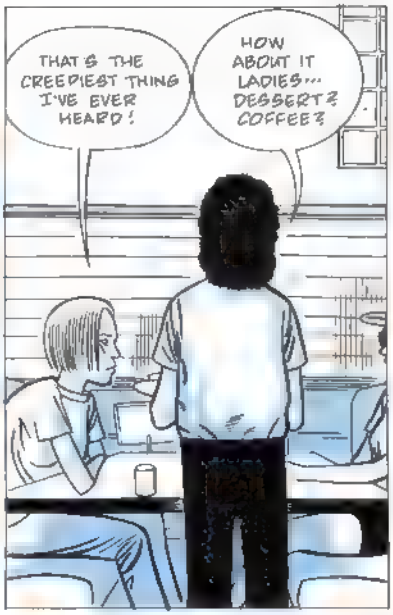
I KNOW, IT'S LIKE THAT GUY JASON - IF YOU'RE NOT ALL GUNG HO ABOUT HIS SPECIFIC CAUSE, HE ACTS LIKE YOU'RE SOME TOTALLY SELF-OBSESSED SNOB!
LEATHER

"YEAH JASON, EVER SINCE YOU STOPPED EATING MEAT AND BATHING AND STARTED DOING GRAFITTI AND FUCKING UP ATM MACHINES, THE WORLD HAS BECOME A WAY BETTER PLACE!"
STILL, I THINK IT'S KIND OF COOL THAT YOUR DAD IS LIKE THAT..

IT'S DEFINITELY SOME PSYCHOLOGICAL THING... IT'S NOT LIKE THESE ARE JUST GROOVY, CONCERNED PEOPLE WHO ACTUALLY CARE ABOUT HUMANITY.. IT'S LIKE THE SAME AS WHEN GUYS ARE REALLY INTO SPORTS!
I KNOW. OR COMPUTERS!
EXACTLY!

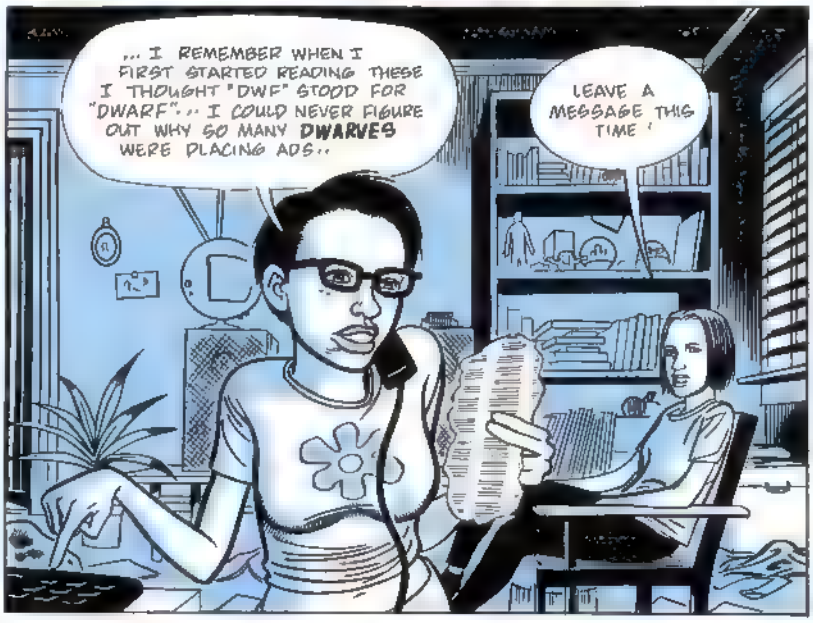

ALSO, MY DAD SAYS HE ONLY BELIEVES IN THE IDEA OF REVOLUTION. HE SAYS IF THERE REALLY WAS A REVOLUTION, WE'D BE THE FIRST ONES THEY'D HAVE SHOT! ... I DON'T REALLY GET WHY WE'RE SUPPOSED TO WANT A REVOLUTION, ANYWAY...
I KNOW... CHECK OUT THE PERSONALS TO SEE IF ANY CUTE BOYS WROTE TO US..
OKAY... EWW, DID YOU NOTICE ALL THE WEIRD STUFF IN THIS MENU? LIKE "THE GARDEN OF SALAD"..
I KNOW! AND INSTEAD OF "DESSERT" IT SAYS 'MIND-BENDERS'...
WHAT DOES THAT EVEN MEAN?
I WONDER IF WEIRD AL WROTE THIS.
♫ BIG GIRLS THEY DON'T CRY-YI-YI.. ♫
THIS SONG SUCKS, TOO
CAN I GET YOU LADIES ANYTHING ELSE, OR ARE YOU ALL SET?
LATER, I MIGHT BE INTERESTED IN ONE OF THOSE FAR-OUT "MIND-BENDERS".
?SNORT?
EWW! LISTEN TO THIS: "BOGEY SEEKS BACALL. I AM DWM 40-ISH SINGER-SONGWRITER, NON-SMOKER. YOU ARE FEM 30-40, NON-JUDGEMENTAL, LOVES: HONESTY, PILLOW FIGHTS, MOONLIGHT SERENADES. BE MY MUSE."
I THINK THE KEY WORD IS "NON-JUDGEMENTAL".
OH MY GOD! "BE THE OBJECT OF MY DESIRE. MARRIAGE-MINDED PROF SWM, 31 SEEKS PERFECT 10, 18-24. I WON'T TAKE NO FOR AN ANSWER."
GOD! THAT'S SO SCARY! MY GREATEST FEAR IS THAT SOME CREEP LIKE THAT WILL FALL IN LOVE WITH ME!
/SEEKING Q
I KNOW, I'D WAY RATHER HAVE SOMEBODY HATE ME! OH MAN... "I SAW YOU AT CITIZEN KANE'S SUN. 21ST. YOU LOOKED OVER AND WE EXCHANGED BRIEF, UNFORGETTABLE SMILE. YOU STUNNING REDHEAD, BLUE DRESS. ME BEARDED WINDBREAKER. LET'S MEET FOR COFFEE/CONVERSATION."
'BEARDED WINDBREAKER'?
GOD, WHAT A PATHETIC FUCKING LOSER!
WE SHOULD CALL HIM AND PRETEND TO BE THE REDHEAD!
WE HAVE TO
OH MY GOD, I FORGOT TO TELL YOU ABOUT THIS EPISODE OF "ORLANDO" I SAW YESTERDAY.. THIS GIRL WENT OUT ON ONE DATE WITH SOME CREEP SHE BARELY KNEW, JUST TO BE NICE. NO BIG DEAL, RIGHT?


SO LIKE A WEEK LATER HE SHOWS UP AT HER WORK AND HE OPENS UP HIS SHIRT AND HE HAS THIS HUGE TATTOO WITH HER NAME AND LIKE HER YEARBOOK PICTURE ALL OVER HIS CHEST!
Kathy
SHE WOUND UP KILLING HIM AND NOW SHE'S IN PRISON!


THAT'S THE CREEPIEST THING I'VE EVER HEARD!
HOW ABOUT IT LADIES... DESSERT? COFFEE?

"DESSERT"?! BACK IN THE FIFTIES WE CALLED 'EM MINDBENDERS, DADDY O'
LISTEN TO WHAT SONG THEY'RE PLAYING!

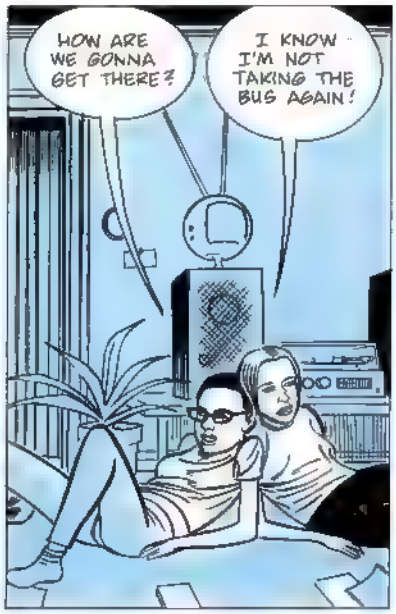
♫ . WHO'S BENDIN' DOWN TO GIVE ME A RAINBOW? EVERYONE KNOWS IT'S WINDY . ♫
THIS PLACE IS GOD.


... I REMEMBER WHEN I FIRST STARTED READING THESE I THOUGHT "DWF" STOOD FOR "DWARF"... I COULD NEVER FIGURE OUT WHY SO MANY DWARVES WERE PLACING ADS...
LEAVE A MESSAGE THIS TIME!

GOD, HE SOUNDS SO GAY!
MAYBE THE REDHEAD IN THE BLUE DRESS IS A GUY!
SHH!

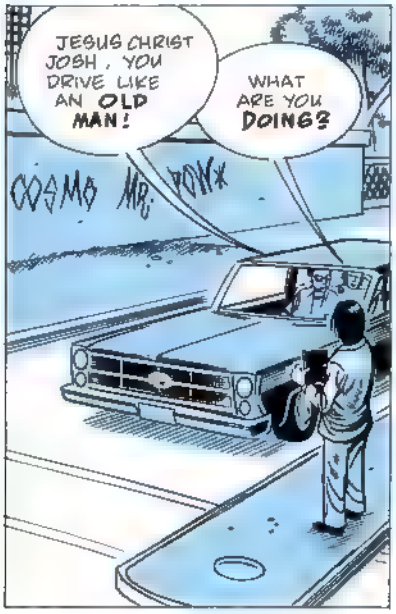
HI DAHLING, IT'S ME... YOUR REDHEAD FROM CITIZEN KANE'S! I WAS SIMPLY FLABBERGASTED WHEN I SAW YOUR AD AND I'M DYING TO SEE YOU AGAIN! MEET ME AT A RESTAURANT CALLED HUBBA HUBBA IN THE VILLEVIEW PLAZA ON FRIDAY AT THREE O'CLOCK. I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE YOU, DAHLING... CIAO!

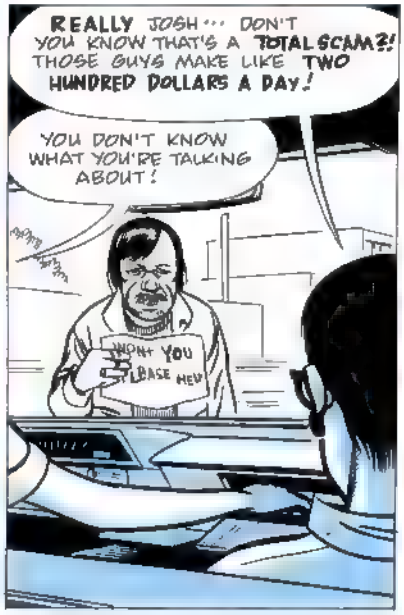
HA HA HA
HA HA HA HA
HA HA HA


HOW ARE WE GONNA GET THERE?
I KNOW I'M NOT TAKING THE BUS AGAIN!

C'MON JOSH... PLEASE? I GUARANTEE YOU THIS PLACE IS A RIOT!
PLEASE JOSH?
I JUST THINK IT'S A REALLY FUCKED-UP TRICK TO PLAY ON SOMEBODY!

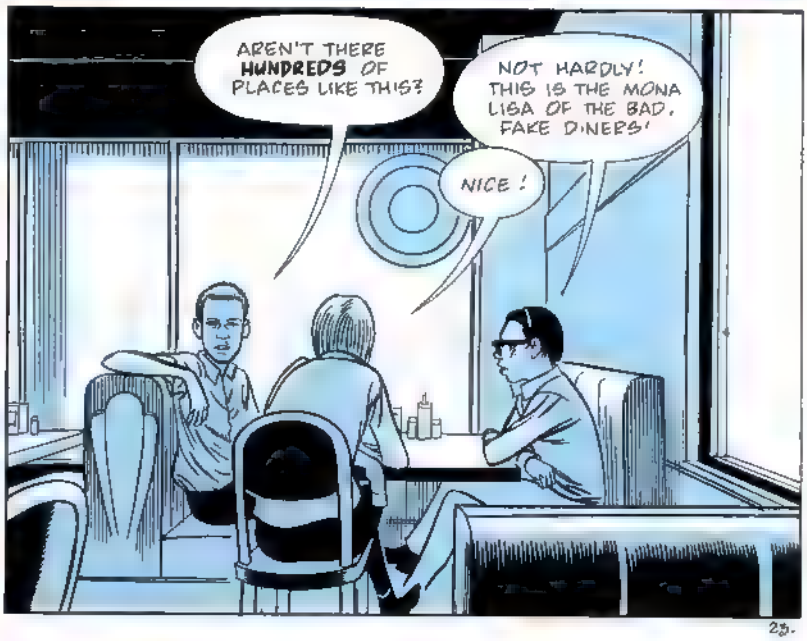
THE GUY PROBABLY WON'T EVEN SHOW UP! PLEASE JOSH?
PLEASE?
I DON'T WANT TO HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH IT!


JESUS CHRIST JOSH, YOU DRIVE LIKE AN OLD MAN!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?


REALLY JOSH... DON'T YOU KNOW THAT'S A TOTAL SCAM?! THOSE GUYS MAKE LIKE TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS A DAY!
YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT!

HERE Y'GO, MAN!
THANKS! HAVE A GOOD DAY!

HE JUST DOES THAT TO SHOW US WHAT A SUPERIOR HUMAN BEING HE IS!
YOU'RE THE TYPE OF GUY WHO ALWAYS SNAPS AT SOME POINT AND BECOMES A MASS MURDERER!


AREN'T THERE HUNDREDS OF PLACES LIKE THIS?
NOT HARDLY! THIS IS THE MONA LISA OF THE BAD, FAKE DINERS!
NICE!

SO WHERE'S "WEIRD AL"?
SHH! HE'S BACK THERE I CAN SEE HIS HAIR!

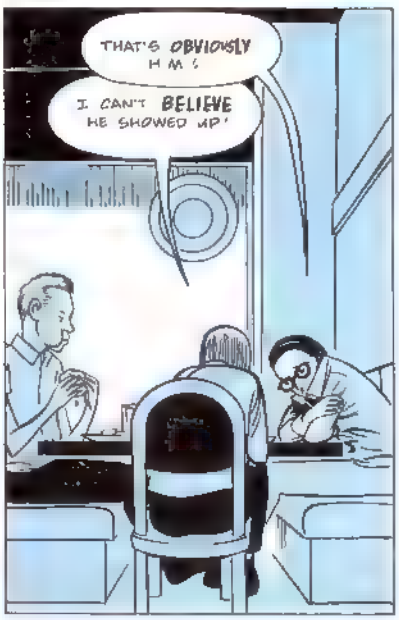
I WANT TO "MAKE LOVE" TO HIM!
I'M GONNA TELL HIM YOU SAID THAT!

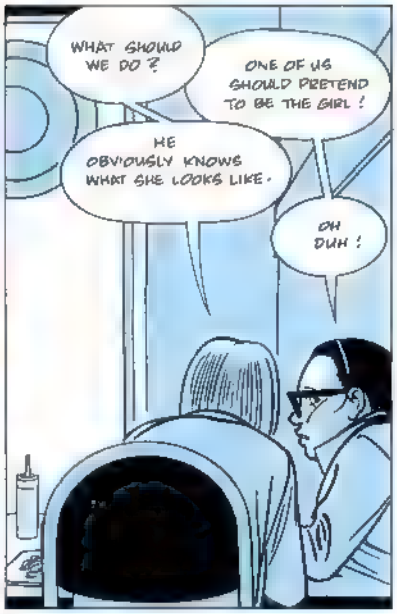
ARE YOU GUYS READY TO ORDER.. OR DO YOU NEED A FEW MINUTES?
YES, WEIRD AL. BUT FIRST THERE'S SOMETHING I THINK YOU SHOULD KNOW.
SHUT UP!

MY FRIEND HERE SAYS SHE MMPPH

SO JOSH, TELL US ABOUT YOUR POLITICAL BELIEFS.
WHAT?
THE LAST TIME WE CAME HERE, BECKY AND I WERE DISCUSSING POLITICAL ISSUES...
I'M NOT SURE I BELIEVE YOU.

I'M SERIOUS. GIVE US YOUR WHOLE BASIC PHILOSOPHY IN A NUTSHELL.
I SUPPOSE I ENDORSE POLICIES THAT ARE OPPOSED TO STUPIDITY AND VIOLENCE... CRUELTY IN ANY FORM... CENSORSHIP..
I FIGURED SOMETHING LIKE THAT..
OH MY GOD, LOOK!


THAT'S OBVIOUSLY HIM!
I CAN'T BELIEVE HE SHOWED UP!


WHAT SHOULD WE DO ?
ONE OF US SHOULD PRETEND TO BE THE GIRL !
HE OBVIOUSLY KNOWS WHAT SHE LOOKS LIKE.
OH DUH !

GOD, THIS IS SO UNBEARABLE !
I AGREE !

YOU GUYS CAN BRING THAT UP TO THE FRONT WHEN YOU'RE READY.
IS HE STILL STARING ?
GO AHEAD AND LOOK, BUT DON'T MAKE IT TOO OBVIOUS.

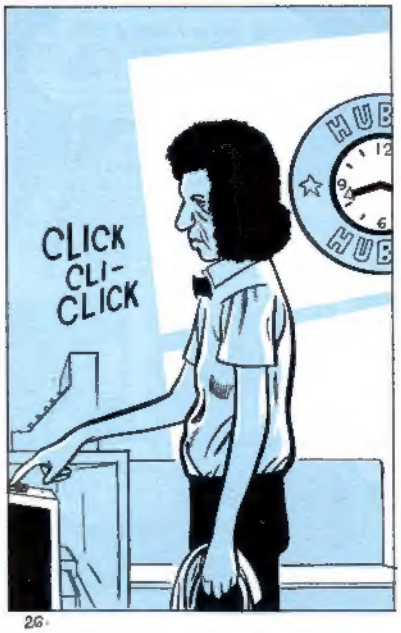
HE DIDN'T STICK AROUND FOR VERY LONG SHE'S ONLY TWENTY-FIVE MINUTES LATE..
HE FIGURED IT OUT.

WHAT DID HE SAY?
IT LOOKED LIKE "VERY FUNNY".
IT WAS SOMETHING FUCK!

HEY AL, DID THAT GUY SAY ANYTHING TO YOU BEFORE HE LEFT?
NOT A THING!

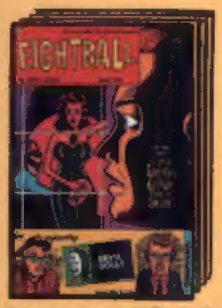
THANK YOU LADIES, AND COME AGAIN!

WHAT WERE YOU DOING?
LEAVING A TIP.
L 50'S DINER


CLICK CLI-CLICK
HUB
HUB

THAT WASN'T AS MUCH FUN AS LAST TIME.

♫ ... WHEN I WAS TWENTY-ONE ... IT WAS A VERY GOOD YEAR... ♫
Clowes

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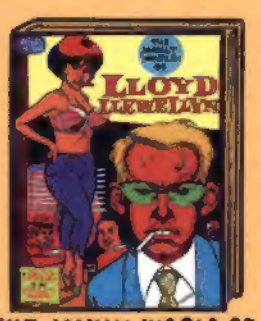


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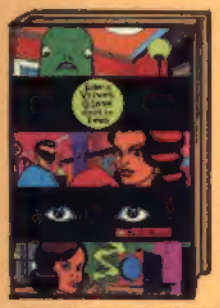

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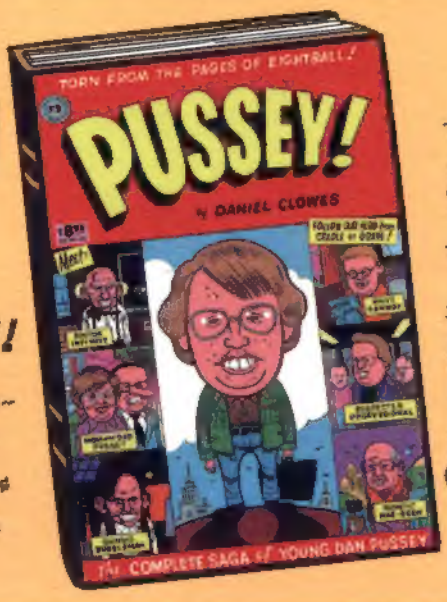


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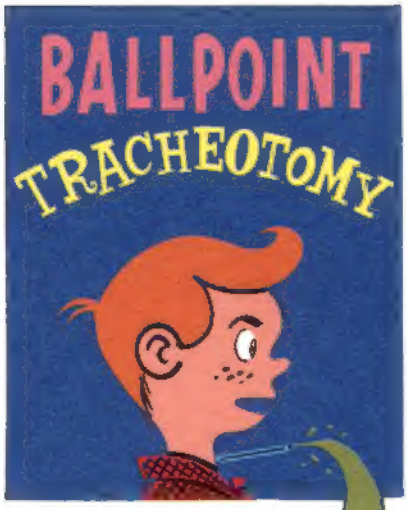


...WAS THAT BECKY AND ENID IN PANELS 4,8&9, p.26 OF 8-BALL #14?
M.G. FAHY
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

You are correct, sir! --DGC (doing his popular Ed McMahon impression)

. . . . . .

...I REALLY LIKE YOUR STUFF IN CRACKED. I PICK UP CRACKED EVERY MONTH HOPING YOU'RE IN IT. IT'S STARTING TO SUCK THOUGH BECAUSE YOU HAVEN'T DONE ANYTHING IN 8 YEARS.
CHANCE FIVEASH
HAHIRA, GA.

. . . . . .

...DOESN'T IT DEPRESS YOU TO HAVE FANS WHO ARE THE SAME KIND OF PEOPLE YOU MAKE FUN OF IN YOUR COMICS? IT'S REALLY QUITE A SERIOUS MATTER. I CAN'T EVEN STAND PEOPLE WHO SMOKE.
OLA HANSSON
LUND, SWEDEN

. . . . . .

...ABOUT "ON SPORTS"--IT SOUNDS LIKE YOU ARE SOME WIMP WHO WAS NEVER GOOD IN SPORTS AND THIS IS YOUR WAY TO VENT HUMILIATION. THOSE POINTS ON SPORTS WERE FUCKIN' WEAK. SPORTS IS JUST GAMES AND ENTERTAINMENT...I'M A BROWNS FAN AND THAT GUY HAD ON A BROWNS JACKET AND OILER'S HAT. THOSE TEAMS ARE HUGE RIVALS! ...ARE YOU A VEGETARIAN?
BROCK JONES
WINDSOR, ONT.

. . . . . .

...OF COURSE, YOU COULD ALSO DO A DEVASTATING FREUDIAN ANALYSIS OF MEN WHO DON'T RELATE TO SPORTS AND THEIR SECRET ENVY OF THE BUTT-FUCKING ALPHA MALES ON THE FIELD. BUT THAT'S ANOTHER ISSUE...
BILL GRIFFITH
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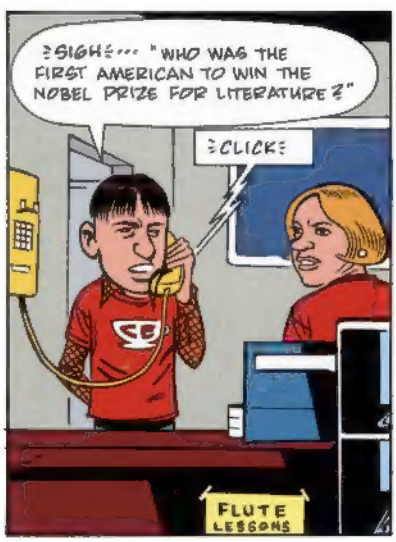
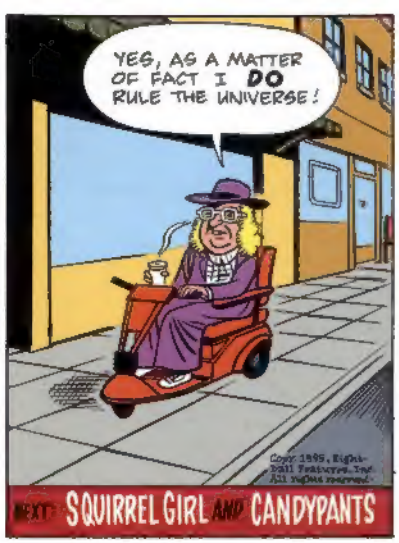
by DANIEL CLOWES





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